A LECTURE IN VERSE: OR, A SCOURGE for the TOWN.

A NEW

BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

Facit Indignatio Versum.

LONDON:

Printed for, and sold by, S. SLOW, over-against *Devereux-Court* without *Temple-Bar*, and at the Pamphlet-Shops. 1734.

(Price Six-Pence.)

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III.

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Tune, *Packington's Pound.*

I.

COME, ye Sparks of St. *James*'s, who Grandeur admire,
And ye who for Patriots would paſs on the Town;
Ye Parſons who unto a Mitre aſpire,
Ye Cits who have Wealth, and ye Beaus who have none,
Draw round in a Throng,
And give Ear to my Song,
For ſomething there's in't that to each does belong,
Of News ye are fond, and of News I have ſtore,
The like ye ne're heard, nor your Fathers before.

II.

Has Ambition exiſted a Paſſion to riſe,
Tye your Hair in a Cue, give your Weſtcoat a Lace,
Rail at *P*----*y* aloud, be but warm for *Exciſe*,
And I warrant you, Lad, you ſhall ſoon have a Place;
Your Succeſs ne're fear,
But at Levee appear,
With an unmeaning Face, and a *Frenchify'd* Air;
Nor dream of your wanting or *Latin* or *Greek*,
So you dreſs like *P*----, and like *H*---- you ſpeak.

III. Would

III.

Would ye learn to diſcourſe of Matters of State,
Of War, and of Peace, of Taxes and Trade;
Wou'd ye ſhine in a Coffee-houſe, learned Debate,
And have due Reſpect to your Sentiments paid,
For Arguments look
Nor in *Sidney*, nor *Lock*,
Nor in *Toland*'s grave Labours, or *Gordon*'s great Book,
Read *Osborn* the learned, and *Freeman* the Wiſe,
But *Walſingham*'s Nonſenſe reject and deſpiſe.

IV.

Yet, hark you, of *one Thing* you muſt have a Care,
Tho' you ſometimes are warm, on no Principles fix,
At Noon oft it rains, tho' the Morning were fair,
And ſuch *April* Weather has all Politics;
And therefore to Day,
Whatever you ſay,
Beſure for To-morrow's Retreat leave a Way,
Tho' no Sign of Conſcience, 'tis a true one of Wit,
That your Politic Faith each Occaſion can fit.

V.

As Virtue has always a Party maintain'd,
Who, warm'd by her Beauty, have fought on her Side,
So Hypocrites often, whom Intereſt has gain'd,
In boaſting of Virtue ſtill place all their Pride;
Wherefore let us ſee,
If a Patriot you'd be,
That your Sayings and Doings exactly agree;
Nor expect our Belief but from Matters of Fact,
He who ſpeaks like a *P*----*y*, like *P*----*y*, ſhould act.

VI.

Diſdaining Dependance, unbiaſs'd by Fear,
Be from Principle honeſt, and ſteadily juſt,
Like *S*---*nds*, or like *Pl*-----, or *Ber*---*d* ſincere,
Still firm to your Country, and true to your Truſt;

Nor

Nor ever be ſeen,
From Spirit ſo mean,
Like pitiful *P*——— to falter between;
Since you know in the *S*——— by whom it is ſaid,
Two Maſters can ne're be by One Man obey'd.

VII.

Let the Love of fair *Britain*, inſpiring your Heart,
In Actions becoming be daily expreſt;
Let Juſtice, not Faction, true Spirit impart,
To ſhew that *Corruption* you ſcorn and deteſt;
Should it e're prove the Caſe,
That the *Inns* meet Diſgrace,
And you in your Turn ſhould ſucceed in their Place,
By your future Behaviour ne'er yield in a Doubt,
But rule when ye're *In*, by your Maxims when *Out*.

VIII.

To the Sages in Crape, who gives his Advice,
May be ſure of obtaining ſmall Thanks for his Pains,
Tho' Pride in their Sermons ſtill paſs for a Vice,
Yet oft in their Perſons we ſee it obtains;
Hence to taſte of Court Air,
Sleek D———rs repair,
And leave to their Curates the ſaying of Pray'r;
Unheeded by them may their Flock live in Sin,
And the P---ſh be damn'd, ſo the T---ths but *come in*.

IX.

Of old in the C———— who meant to ſucceed,
Read Fathers and Councils, and twenty Things more,
But now ne'er deſpair, tho' you can't ſay your C———,
For unto Preferment here lies a new Door;
By which we have ſeen,
A W——— made a D———,
For attempting the ſcrubbing a *Blackamoor* clean;
At Leiſure may *D'Anvers* the Pamphlet review,
While the D---r at Eaſe ſits aloft in his Pew.

X.

At Atheiſts and Deiſts no longer then rail,
'Tis *Prieſts* on the *Prieſthood* have brought ſuch a *Cloud*;
If like *Chriſtians* you'd live, all *their Topics* would fail,
And *Religion* re-gain the Good-will of the Crowd;
To your *Order* be true,
This Method purſue,
And quickly you'll find it will Clamour ſubdue,
For once be adviſ'd to a *Thing that is Right*,
Rely on the *Lord*, and relinguiſh the *K---t*.

XI.

How chang'd is our City ſince Days of Queen *Beſs*?
Each Damſel ſpeaks *French*, and each 'Prentice can dance;
Like Beaus for a Ball ſome *Aldermen* dreſs,
Nay, *P-----ns* himſelf trips it yearly to *France*;
Of old Time I trow,
A Shop-keeper's Froe
For *Three-Pence* would make you a Curtſy full low,
Now each *Citizen's Wife* is as fine as a *Queen*,
And *Chariots* and *Bankruptcies* often are ſeen.

XII.

The Fruits of our *Traffick* were real of Old,
Our *Merchants* grew *rich* from *intrinſical Gain*,
For the *Goods* they exported, they brought us home *Gold*,
And their *Bags were well lin'd*, tho' their *Habits were plain*;
Without *Money we*
For *Stock* can agree,
And *Eſtates* are obtain'd without croſſing the Sea;
'Tis true, before *George*, tho' the *Thing* may ſeem ſtrange,
Change-Alley holds more, by the half, than the *Change*.

XIII.

But that none may conceive by this Song we intend
To *darken the Luſtre* of *London's bright Fame*,
With Joy we repeat *She Herſelf did defend*,
When a *Scheme* was *contriv'd her Traders to tame*;
Her

Her gallant L--- M----,
Of the *Miſchief* aware,
Like *Daniel* did Balls for this *Dragon* prepare;
Hence his *Glory* as high as great *Walworth*'s ſhall riſe,
That ſlew a bold Rebel, and this the *EXCISE*.

XIV.

But now from the Region of *Wealth* to retire,
And viſit the *barren Dominions of Wit*,
Where *Poets* reſide, whom no *Muſe* will inſpire,
The *Forgers* of *Pamphlets*, and *Rakes* of the *Pit*,
Whoſe ſingle Pretence,
To *Knowledge*, or *Senſe*,
Is but a *large Stock* of *inborn Impudence*;
From whence they preſume, tho' they *ſcarce know their Letters*,
In *pittiful Rhimes* to *beſpatter their Betters*.

XV.

Yet moſt at poor *Pope* this Tribe are enraged,
So that daily againſt him new forces they raiſe;
As if like the *Tartars* in War they engaged,
In hopes of dividing among them his Praiſe;
And if this be their Aim,
We cannot them blame,
Since it muſt be confeſs'd they're in great want of Fame;
And *Pope* has enough their Deſires to entice,
Of ſetting all up by each gaining a Slice.

XVI.

At the Head of this Army ſpruce *H*----y is ſeen,
Who writes and who fights in the Cauſe of the K---t;
How fair is his Face, how gentle his Mein,
Could one think in that Form their lodged ſuch a Spite;
Tho' the End he confeſs,
Neither more is, or leſs,
Than to ſhew that a Lord can make Work for the Preſs;
From a Crowd of dull Bar--- he hop'd to get clear,
And none but Lord *W*-----y now is his Peer.

XVII. To

XVII.

To the Sparks of St. *James's* their Road I have ſhewn,
And Patriots as Pupils I have ventur'd to teach;
Nay more, for the Clergy I've told them their own,
My Song does the City and Play-houſes reach;
Unmov'd by Advice,
If, after all This,
They, in ſpite of my Precepts, will ſtill do amiſs,
Why then, like old *Busby*, my Rule to maintain,
As now I have ſcourg'd, ſo I'll ſcourge them again.

FINIS.

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